

HOW TO PROPOSE.

First drop mamma, for you must be alone; A man can't "pop" before a chaperon. Then choose a site—the yard is just the place, Beneath the Chinese lantern's magic blaze— But if the band is playing "Big Time Lou," And if the crowd all "roar" at you, Then take her somewhere where the light is dim, Take her to back or even to the gym.

When you have found a site, ask her to sit With you and watch the juicy June bug hit, Or spring some other like poetic thought, For by poetic words they oft are caught. Regard to her some drip about the moon, That great round orb that loveth those who spoon, And speak of love, of careless love galore, But do not speak of those you've loved before.

Then cast a few deep breathings on the air, Put on a look of seeming sad despair, And cry aloud: "My college life is done, I've got to face this cruel world alone, Alone I have to face this fearful knock, With none so poor to mend my lonely sock." And then, if she the girl she ought to be, She'll shyly mutter, "Well, what's wrong with me?"

—Harvard Lampoon.

A MAN OF... INTEGRITY

By M. Quad.
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By C. B. LEWIS.

For 30 years or more I had known myself to be an honest man. I mean that I had never wronged a fellow man out of so much as a penny, though I had had hundreds of opportunities. In my business dealings I had been absolutely square if not a little too liberal, and in private life I had gone out of my way to prove my integrity. I had found umbrellas and journeyed half way across London to restore them. I had found small sums of money and paid for the advertising out of my own pocket. I had taken in homeless dogs and fattened them up and sent them home in cabs. I had been cheated in buying a cab, but in selling him again I had pointed out the spavins. I had bought South African stocks at 80 and sold them at 100, though the market price was 110. In buying and overhauling an old cabinet I had found papers of value and restored them without demanding a reward.

It never occurred to me to pat myself on the back for an honest man, but in a general way I realized that I was



FIVE NEAT PACKAGES OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES

above temptation. I must admit that I was a bawling feeling and that as I looked around upon my fellow men and knew that not over one in ten thousand was honest—as honest as I was—my self importance was greatly added. Several queer things happened me one June day. I had been down to Oxford on a little business, and as I settled my bill at the hotel previous to departure the landlord made a mistake of a shilling in my favor. I called his attention to it, of course. I had to make change with cabbies at the depot, and he would have beaten himself out of fourpence had I not called his attention to the mistake. A ticket seller rarely makes a mistake, at least in favor of a traveler, but on this occasion I was given quite a bit of change too much, and though I received only a gruff word as I returned it I had cleared my conscience. I shared the compartment with a traveler, a man who had hunched up shoulders, pulled his hat low down and seemed to sleep for the 30 miles he rode with me. In the baggage rack was a paper parcel, but he did not take it with him as he got out. For 20 minutes after being left alone I had no curiosity about that parcel. Then it occurred to me to inspect the contents and be ready to turn it over as lost property on arrival at the terminus.

My interest was languid until the parcel was opened. I had anticipated nothing of value, but what did I behold? In that parcel or package were five neat packages of Bank of England notes, each one containing £1,000. There wasn't so much as a scrap of paper with them, nothing whatever to prove ownership or tell how they had got there. The wrapper was common brown paper and had been used before. It was a queer find, and I couldn't make out whether the money belonged to the passenger who had just left or some one before him. I had no idea of robbery, but laid it all to carelessness. After inspecting the bills I retied the package and smiled a bit at the consternation of the loser. His loss would be only temporary, however. The package would be handed over in London, and he would merely have to prove property to obtain possession. He might wish to reward me, but I would not accept a penny.

It was only when the train ran into the station that I suddenly changed my mind. As the porter unlocked the door and passed on and I stepped out the thought came to me to retain that money. Before I could argue with myself my legs were carrying me off. I was meaning all the time to give up the

parcel, and yet I was hurrying away and dodging among the crowd. I really didn't come to myself until reaching my chambers, and then I was in two minds. Conscience demanded that I return the money, and the devil whispered to me to retain it. I dodged between the two by promising to return it as soon as it should be advertised. I even promised my conscience that I would make a long journey if necessary to restore the money. To show you that I was still an honest man let me say that when a bill was presented to me that evening for the care of my horse I found a mistake of a shilling in favor of the stable and rectified it. Yes; I was still honest, and I meant to restore that money, but I must first be satisfied as to the ownership.

Next day, to my great surprise and also to my gratification, no advertisement appeared. It was my duty as an honest man to either advertise or take the money to the lost property office of the railroad line. You will agree with me that it was, and yet I brought forward a dozen arguments to the contrary and didn't do either one. When a week had gone by and no advertisement appeared, I began to look upon the money as mine. In three days more I felt sure it was mine. At the end of the second week I was figuring what use to make of it. It wasn't exactly that the find had knocked out all the principles 30 years had built up, but that I had never before been tempted. Without temptation I had argued only one side of the question. After a week had gone by I dared not return the package to the railroad, and after three weeks had passed with no advertisement the money seemed to belong to me. I said to myself that I ought to advertise it, but I also argued that if the loser hadn't interest enough to seek to recover such a sum of money how could I be expected to? Unless you are a strictly honest man, as I knew myself to be, you have no idea of the many arguments that can be advanced in favor of dishonesty.

At the end of three weeks I had determined to add the find to my bank account and give it up when called upon. Aye, I would even pay interest on the sum and any extra expense the loser had been put to. This seemed more than fair to me, and I figured that my honesty had not suffered one jot. The money would have gone to the bank, as per programme, but my valet stepped in. He was not an honest man, as I am deeply grieved to say. He could not stand temptation. Coming across the package by accident, he tucked it under his arm and walked off, and I have never since set eyes on him. I could not well go to the police and ask them to hunt for him, and so he had a clear road. After he had disappeared I could not advertise for the real owner and let him take the trail, and so the dishonest rascal was free to head for America, where, I am told, honesty is a scarce article among men. As a matter of fact, no owner ever came forward or has not up to date. That makes the money mine or gives me the guardianship of it, but as it is in the hands of a dishonest valet and as I dare not put the police after him I am £5,000 out of pocket and have nothing to show for my sterling integrity of character. Sometimes in reviewing this case I doubt if it pays to be honest, but again I reflect that a clear conscience is ample reward for withstanding temptation.

Both Have Equal Rights.

It is the duty of a pedestrian to keep upon the sidewalk save when it is necessary to cross the roadway, and then to cross at an opportune moment and with reasonable expedition. It is, nevertheless, equally the duty of those in charge of vehicles, however propelled, to restrain them within reasonable speed, to keep them under constant control and steerage way and to exercise all possible diligence in avoiding collisions. They are as much bound to look out for pedestrians at the crosswalks as pedestrians are to look out for them. They are as much bound to slacken their speed to avoid collision as the pedestrian is to quicken his. It is in fact far easier for the men on the vehicles to keep their eyes on the pedestrians and avoid running them down than it is for the pedestrians to keep their eyes on the multitude of vehicles which may be converging upon them from different directions. Simply ringing the gong is not enough. "Caveat pedes" is not the only rule of the road. —New York Tribune.

The Work of Salvation.

Mrs. Pudunker—Seems to me 'tisn't exactly right to be adding so much water to the milk, specially on Sunday mornin'.

Deacon Pudunker (milkman)—Why, Miranda, you wouldn't stand in the way of salvation, would ye?

"Of course not."

"Well, don't ye know one-half of them what goes to church never hears a word because they're asleep an' snoring in the pews? It's shameful!"

"Indeed it is. But they shouldn't fall asleep."

"They can't help it, Miranda. Give people rich milk, an' they're bound to feel sleepy. It's worse than opium. Pump a little more, Miranda."—New York Weekly.

The Gravy Was Cold.

Stanley (aged 4 years)—Mamma, please sing that lovely song called "The Hash Is Cold."

Mamma—I don't know any such song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?

Stanley—No, indeed, mamma; it's a "sorrow song."

Mamma—Well, I can't think what you mean.

A little later she sings from "My Dearest Heart," "The grave is cruel, the grave is cold."

Stanley (excitedly)—That's it, mamma; that's it! But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash; it was the gravy.

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TEA TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Quaint Customs Once Observed in
English Dames.

Tea drinking has become very fash-
ionable among us of late years, almost
as much so as it was in England a cen-
tury ago, but the prevailing customs at
the table are different. The "teacup
times of hood and hoop" had their own
etiquette, of a sort not likely to be re-
vived. What should we think now of a
fashionable lady who cooled her tea
with her breath? Yet Young says of a
certain bewildering Lady Betty:

Her two red lips affected a puffy blow
To cool the Bohns and inflame the lead,
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup and make the world admire.

Again a passage in contemporary lit-
erature shows that it was a lack of
good manners to take much cream or
sugar in one's tea. Says a lady of qual-
ity to her daughter: "I must further
advise you, Harriet, not to heap such
mountains of sugar into your tea, nor to
pour such a deluge of cream in. Peo-
ple will certainly take you for the
daughter of a dairymaid."

Certain other customs may be re-
membered in this country among us
who had grandmothers trained in the
ceremonies of a later day. One of them
consisted in putting the spoon in the
cup to show that no more tea was de-
sired; another was that of turning over
the cup in the saucer for the same pur-
pose.

Etiquette also demanded that the tea
should be tasted from the spoon, and
that the hostess should then inquire,
"Is your tea agreeable?" Certain scrup-
ulous old ladies ask that now, and
the question savors of a more sedate
and gentle day than this—St. Louis
Republic.

AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT.

The Head Bookkeeper Finally Bal-
ances His Accounts.

A south side man who is a clerk in
one of the leading banks on this side of
the river was in a communicative mood
last night. During a conversation about
various things he took on a retrospective
air and said, "There is nothing like the
faithful discharge of one's duties, but
it is sometimes an expensive experi-
ment."

On being questioned as to the cause
of the remark he replied: "Well, it re-
minds me of an experience I had while
employed in a prominent Fourth ave-
nue bank. I don't mind telling it to
you. The head bookkeeper was a char-
acter in many ways. Method was his
hobby. He had a way of doing every-
thing, and he never varied from the
rules he set down. Exactness in his ac-
counts was a particular fad, and he
spared no pains in carrying his ideas
into effect. One afternoon in balancing
our books it was found he was short 1
cent. We searched and searched, but
when it came to the usual time for go-
ing home that cent was still missing.

"Do you think the head bookkeeper
would allow us to go? Not much. Sev-
eral of us had engagements we wanted
to fulfill, but it made no difference.
Supper time came, and we were no fur-
ther ahead than when we started. Headed
by the bookkeeper, we repaired to a
neighboring restaurant for supper and
then returned to work. After sev-
eral hours the missing cent was found
and the accounts balanced. But in fig-
uring up it was discovered that in
searching for the discrepancy of 1 cent
the bank had incurred a bill for suppers
to the amount of \$7.50."—Detroit Free
Press.

All American Children.

"Do you not have trouble with so
many nationalities?" the spectator
asked of the principal of a large school
in the crowded tenement part of the
city. "Oh, we hang the flag over the
school platform," was the answer,
"and have the regular exercise of salu-
ting it, and the children become very
patriotic indeed. They will not own, in
most cases, that they are not Ameri-
cans." "Yes," said the other teacher,
"I often ask, 'Will the German chil-
dren in the room stand up?' The Ger-
mans are more wedded to their father-
land, apparently, than other immi-
grants, for a few—though not by any
means half—of them usually rise to this
invitation. 'Now let the Italian chil-
dren stand,' generally brings no re-
sponse at all, though the school is
crowded with them in my district. But
when I end up by saying, 'Will the
American children stand up?' the
whole school rises joyfully."—Outlook.

As to Providence.

A country parson went to see a hum-
ble parishioner and, if possible, to com-
fort him some little under heavy trou-
ble which had befallen. The pastor
found the homely old man in his deso-
late cottage alone. He said many
things, and added that he must try to
take all affliction humbly, as appointed
to us by Providence.

"Yes," said the good old man, who
was imperfectly instructed in theology,
"that's right enough, that is. But
somehow that there old Providence have
bin ag'in me all along, but I reckon as
there's one above as'll put a stopper on
he if he go too far."—Baltimore News.

Wanted Them All.

Julia Ward Howe was once talking
with a dilapidated bachelor, who retain-
ed little but his conceit. "It is time
now," he said, pompously, "for me to
settle down as a married man, but I
want so much. I want youth, health,
wealth, of course, beauty, grace!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Howe, sympathet-
ically, "you poor man, you do want
them all."

The right leg is far more subject to
accidents, than the left. It has been
found that the ratio is about 13 serious
accidents to the right leg to three to the
left.

The practice of kissing under the
mistletoe is of very ancient origin, as
it dates from the days of the Druids.
When no doubt it had a religious mean-
ing.

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Suits.....\$69
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\$30 Sideboards
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Couches for.....\$4.98
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\$12 Continuous Post
Enamelled Beds.....\$7.98
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\$16 Dressers, golden
oak.....\$7.49
\$15 Dressers, golden
oak.....\$11.98
(Over 50 others)

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\$3.50 Reed
Rockers.....\$2.89
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Rockers.....\$3.98
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